THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE LESSON IN THE LILY.

He hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory in the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches up the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens,
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel plan.
The flower horizons open!
The blossom vaster shows!
We hear thy wide world's echo,—
See how the lily grows!

Shy yearnings of the savage
Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted
To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

—W. C. Gannett.

Pacific Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

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"THE DRIFT TOWARD RELIGION."

In book entitled "The Drift Toward Religion" the Rev. Albert W. Palmer, of Plymouth Church, Oakland, gives some valuable personal experiences and follows with a series of articles on "God," "The Bible," "Jesus," and related topics, with the aim of justifying religion to the thoughtful people of the present day.

Mr. Palmer says in the initial article, which gives the book its title: "We suffered a few years ago because our religious traditions and our scientific instruction were hopelessly at war with one another. . . . When religion and science seemed to disagree it was inevitable that many intelligent men should sadly but firmly consign religion to the realm of outgrown even though quaint and beautiful antiquities. We all have met men who advised us to read the King James version of the Bible simply for its beautiful English at the same time implying that they had long since passed beyond getting out of it anything more vital than a pure English style. But there are not lacking indications that we are going to approximate once more the condition where scientific and religious thought are allies, as science and true religion must ever be. . . . . What this modern religious thought is—how it finds reinforcement in modern science, how it demands no false surrenders from men and women trained in the scientific spirit—this book seeks to set forth."

Mr. Palmer tells how he regarded religion in his early days in college—it "was obsolescent, something to be apologized for, beautiful in a way, but destined to early death."

But in his senior year out of a course in Tennyson and Browning came the feeling expressed thus: "Well, if this sort of interpretation of life isn't true, it ought to be!"

This experience was added to by a study of "The Will to Believe," by Professor William James of Harvard.

And now this is his testimony: "In the thirteen years since then my religious outlook has grown. Year by year faith has deepened and sweetened. One by one I have taken down some things from the high shelf (where a friend had advised him to lay them for awhile), reinspected them in the light of a larger experience in life and added them to my possessions." He says that some things are still on the shelf, but that he isn't worrying about them, that they help to make the future seem interesting.

A man with such an experience as Mr. Palmer has had, and who has reached some sure foundation for faith, has a message for our day.

In the article on "God," we find this: "I like to think of our relationship to God as being not like the relation of a completed statue to the sculptor who has made it; but more intimate, like the relation of the leaves to the tree. No leaf thinks for a moment that it is the tree, but each leaf gathers sunshine for the tree and receives from all the rest of the tree the vital forces which give it life." And this: "The religious implications of evolution are tremendous. Instead of making God unnecessary it simply means that we have discovered him at work. All our scientific investigation, which once seemed to put God farther and farther away, now turns out to have been really bringhim closer to us."

Mr. Palmer does not stop with the statement that the Bible is a great literature, but adds that "it is the great literature of the spirit," and that it is because of its spiritual message that it lives and endures. The following perhaps sums up his thought as to the Bible:

"The great thing which the Bible can do for our religious life is not to present to us an artificially preserved message from God to which we can go to learn his will. It is rather so to present to us the spectacle of other men in other days hearing his voice and finding in his presence that we shall be inspired to follow their example and open our lives to the indwelling of his spirit. We also are to be responsive to his still small voice and go out into our world to find every common bush aflame with God. The supreme value of the Bible is not to find God there, but to gain inspiration to find him here. Each age must renew for itself something akin to the experience recorded in the Bible."

A chapter on "Immortality" closes with a few thoughts as to heaven and hell: "That the hell which begins in this life will continue in the life to come is altogether probable, though we must make great allowance for the fact that in the life to come we shall be free from these physical bodies which are the source of so much of our trouble. But if hell continues God's love also continues; and I do not believe that love can be eternally set aside, but that somehow, sometime, every soul will come to itself in deep repentance and return to the Father's house."

In this connection use is made of a story concerning a revivalist and a somewhat excentric village philanthropist who did not arise when all who wished to go to heaven were asked to do so. When the revivalist pointed his finger at the old gentleman and asked," "What do you expect to do when you go to the other place?" forthwith came the reply, "Well, after what you have been saying about it tonight, I calculate to start in and try to make a few improvements." And the Plymouth pastor remarks: "Let us have faith to believe that there is no corner in God's universe where he will not eternally be trying to make improvements!"

Under "Religion in Daily Life," this helpful book touches on the problem of moral evil and the problem of pain and suffering, saying at length: "Can you not trust that the wisdom which so marvelously permeates and guides the universe has not fallen short in your daily life? Can you not believe that even here, in spite of seeming contradiction, there is a Divine Wisdom which rules and a Love which watches over all? "

And the counsel is: "Believe in yourself as God's child, as vitally related to him even as the leaves are re-

lated to the tree, or the bay out yonder to the great ocean beyond. Believe that your life has not been flung meaningless to the void, but that God has sent you here for some high purpose." It is here that Mr. Palmer lays hold of that great seer and optimist, Walt Whitman, remarking: "Say to yourself with Whitman, 'No longer I seek good fortune—I myself am good fortune,' adding in an explanatory way: "Believe that whatever happens to you happens because it bears you some message you need to hear."

No one acquainted with Mr. Palmer would look for a book by him on "The Drift Toward Religion," which did not touch on "Social Reconstruction." This we get in brief in the article on "The Church," from which we quote: "Whatever else Jesus taught or did not teach, he certainly taught brotherhood, not as a beautiful sentiment, but as a social responsibility. That every child should have a chance physically and spiritually to grow up into a well-rounded manhood or womanhood, that every man should have his just share of the product of his toil, that no woman should be forced into any form of slavery, that reform and not vengeance should rule our prisons, that arbitration and justice rather than brute force and war should rule in international relations—these things constitute the social message of Christianity, and they root deep into the very center of it. If the church is adequately to serve the 20th century it must deliver this social message." But the balance is well kept, for we read in that connection: "The world cannot be saved by any merely social regeneration, though that is part of the whole. The supreme task of the church is not accomplished until it has brought the individual soul face to face with God."

Much helpful thought is packed into the 117 pages of this book.

The Pilgrim Press, of Boston, publishes it. It may be had at the book stores at $1.00 net, or from the publishers by mail for $1.10.

In an announcement concerning the book, the Pilgrim Press says: "It is not an argument so much as it is a confession of faith made after a university education and in the full acceptance of the modern point of view."

In considerable part the material in this book was used in Mr. Palmer's addresses early in this year in the Hotel Oakland. Their helpfulness there has led to this wider presentation.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo has a larger attendance than at any previous time for fifteen years.

The legality of the prohibitory constitutional amendment in Washington is being tested in the courts. One of the pleas is that this is the case because the pamphlet containing it was not mailed to every registered voter within the time fixed by law.

In his acceptance of the call to the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Seattle, the Rev. Hugh G. Ross of Cape Town, South Africa, stated that he would withdraw from the position after six months if he found that he could not rightly adapt himself to a pastorate in this country.

The temperance workers of Oregon had the help in their campaign this year of an influential daily paper—The Portland Evening Telegram. An Oregon correspondent writes: "In the face of threats and jeers and the boycott, it came valiantly to the help of this great reform and stayed with it till victory was won."

In one precinct in Portland, Oregon, where only one woman voted, and in which there is considerable of the rawness and roughness of life, the prohibitory amendment had a good majority. It is said that many drinking men and "bums" must have voted for the amendment. In many parts of the state drinking men are supposed to have voted for the amendment.

Among the initiative propositions defeated at the last election in Arizona were the "blacklist" and "eighty per cent" measures. If the former had become law it would have been a penitentiary offense for an employer to seek any information concerning an applicant for a position. The latter sought to prohibit the employment of more than twenty per cent of foreigners in any business enterprise.

The Rev. D. O. Colegrove, pastor of the California Street Methodist Church of San Francisco, has been chosen as assistant superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in California. The selection was made on the recommendation of Superintendent Gandier who knew Mr. Colegrove's worth in such work. The position has been accepted and thus the Anti-Saloon League forces in California are well equipped as to leadership.

The Rev. Dr. E. M. Wilbur writes in a California letter in the Christian Register: "The number of our churches on the Pacific Coast has multiplied by just fifty per cent. in the past six years; and their problems are now quite enough to occupy the whole time of a busy field secretary. The present incumbent accepted this commission only to supply a temporary emergency, which has lasted much longer than was anticipated. He has, however, resigned the office in order to give his whole time to the work of the Pacific Unitarian School, which is engrossing enough. The appointment of a successor, which is momentarily expected, should begin a new period of extension and of intensive development among our Pacific Coast churches."

A Presbyterian pastor at Spokane, Washington writes in a letter to The Herald and Presbyter: "In the country about thirty miles southwest of Spokane, there is a very needy field ministered to by Rev. A. E. Evans. There is no church of any denomination within the reach of a territory twenty by twenty-five miles in extent in which there are hundreds of people living. In some instances the children know nothing about a church, and a good many of the grown people have become utterly indifferent. There are, of course, others who long for the ordinances of religion and hold out their hands pleadingly to the denominational leaders to give them services. In this community the Presbyterians will hold a meeting for three weeks at least; and possibly longer, for the purpose of meeting as fully as possible the needs of the field. Indeed, it may be necessary to hold two or three meetings at various points, in order to do the work needed in the section."

"An Oregon Brand of Comity was the caption of the following church news note in a recent number of The Continent: "An entirely new form of church comity has developed in eastern Oregon. Some months ago Dr. E. Benson of Portland went to Burns to assume charge of the work at that county seat. The only other church in the town was Baptist. Besides these two churches, there was no other organized work in the whole county, which is bigger in

area than the state of New Jersey. Dr. Benson had hardly got into the saddle before the holiness people came along with special meetings. These meetings developed considerable interest in the town and finally drew so large a portion of the membership of both churches out and away that the congregations were seriously crippled. The Baptist pastor left, but Dr. Benson hung on. The Baptists have now elected Dr. Benson as their pastor. On Sunday mornings the services are in the Presbyterian church. Dr. Benson, the Presbyterian pastor, looks after the benevolences of the Presbyterian church. The Sunday school is held in this church with a Baptist superintendent. In the evening Dr. Benson, the Baptist pastor, preaches in the Baptist church, and sees to it that the benevolences of the Baptist denomination are not neglected."

A Methodist minister who has charge of the work of his church among the Indians at Schurz, Nevada, tells in a letter to the California Christian Advocate of a funeral which he conducted not long ago. "It was a strange mixture of Indian and Christian rites. There was little to mark it as Indian until the grave was reached, and they were ready to lower the casket, when the Indian wail began. Her personal effects were placed in the grave to the value of many dollars. First a large Navajo blanket of beautiful design and firm texture was spread in the bottom of the grave, upon which rested the box. In the bottom of the box were spread two pairs of ordinary wool blankets, also a quilt, the work of the deceased, beautifully pieced of silk and satin, not crazy but symmetrical blocks. Then came the casket, around and over which without any particular attempt at order were placed all sorts of belongings. Conspicuous by its absence was the usual water and food to refresh the spirit on the road to the land of bliss. I asked an Indian later why they were omitted. He said, She sleep till Jesus call her; she no need anything. For the closing prayer and the committal of the body, the wailing ceased as suddenly as it began. At the words, Looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and life in the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, there were several audible words of assent, for it was a comfort to their simple hearts."

Mr. Samuel D. Mayer will retire from the position of organist of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco at the end of this year, and will be succeeded by Mr. Uda Waldrop who as soon as he enters on the work will proceed to the organization of a chorus choir. Mr. Mayer has been the organist for the First Congregational Church for more than forty-two years—a record of service, we believe, unparalleled in this country. He played on the first organ which came around the Horn and on all the organs the church has ever had. It was fitting that Dr. Aked should arrange for him to play the opening piece on the day next February when the new building is to be dedicated. In view of the service thus rendered all these years Mr. Mayer has been made organist emeritus on a salary equal to two-thirds of that which he has been receiving. Mr. Waldrop, who is one of the foremost organists on the Pacific Coast, is at present with St. Luke's Episcopal Church, San Francisco. Before he was approached with an offer by the First Congregational Church, Dr. Aked ascertained by correspondence with Dr. Morgan, the rector, that although his church would part with Mr. Waldrop very regretfully, they did not feel that it was right to stand in the way of a larger field of service for him. And so in most brotherly way this transfer is to be made.

The Rev. Albert W. Palmer, pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland, having stated in a recent Sunday evening address how he would run a daily newspaper if he owned one, was asked by the Oakland Tribune to edit that paper last Saturday. Mr. Palmer selected a good corps of assistants and did his work well—in such a manner as to material and make-up as to call forth many encomiums. The Tribune on Monday expressed the judgment that such a paper could not be made a financial success, seemingly overlooking the fact that Mr. Palmer had stated that the paper would be varied each day of the week if he were to edit one regularly. We believe that a man like Mr. Palmer at the head of such a paper as the Oakland Tribune would not be blind to the problems which all daily papers face, and would keep off the reefs of financial distress. Of course he could not publish an ideal paper, but he could, as was done last Saturday, put in a few improvements. The Boston Evening Transcript is a success financially and it is quite a different paper from the flamboyant sheets that are published most everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We shall have more to say about this Oakland experiment.

"One of the greatest reasons for thanksgiving in my heart today is that the God of my fathers is not my God," were the somewhat startling words used by the Rev. Dr. Robert Freeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena in a sermon the last Sunday in November. The Pasadena Daily News says: "Dr. Freeman spoke on the necessity for the church adapting itself to modern conditions and ways of thinking."

An officer with the British forces in Belgium wrote recently as follows to a friend in London: "Sitting here and reading the English papers that arrive, one cannot help feeling that England, at any rate, has not yet succeeded in banishing the spectacular and romantic conceptions of war, which no longer bear any relation to the actuality. The papers still give the impression that war is an affair of dash and clash. Other incidents, true in themselves, but isolated and not characteristic, such as the engagement of the London Scottish, are made to convey a picture of the whole battle. As a matter of fact this is not what is happening. The bravery of our men, and they are splendidly brave, consists in sitting for ten days and nights in sodden trenches with the terrifying noises and earthshaking concussion of shells which don't kill them, dropping on the earth around, and the horror of the shell which does kill them, dropping occasionally right into the trench; with a man here and a man there being picked off as he inadvertenly puts his head a couple of inches too high or wriggles past a spot on which a German picked shot has had his rifle laid for hours; with the loss of one man one night, and another man another night as the men crawl out to get their rations, or, as the ration party comes along the road after dark to bring them from the refilling point; with, for their only activity and excitement, a crawl of four or five men on their bellies in the dark to examine an enemy's trench which is thought to have been evacuated, and a very occasional use of the bayonet, if it turns out not to have been evacuated and is only lightly held. There the men sit and hope that our artillery, whose shells they can hear whistling overhead, is making the enemy as uncomfortable as their's is making us."

In 1913 seventy-six Presbyterian churches received more than 100 members each. Westminster Church at Wilkes-

Barre, Pennsylvania, received 533. Next stood the First of Pittsburg, 379. The third was First of Seattle, 375.

NEW BOOKS.

A Man Mine Equal. By E. K. Stokely. A little story about one of the world's heroes, who climbed up out of the most untoward conditions in life and lifted others up with him. Well worth reading (Pilgrim Press, Boston; envelope series, **25 cents net).**

A Little Book For Every Day. By Charles M. Sheldon. This is one of the dainty and beautiful little books published by the Pilgrim Press. It contains choice prose, poetical, and scripture selections for each day of the month, and a few blank pages for familiar quotations. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston; fifty cents net).**

The Well By Bethlehem's Gate. By William Allen Knight. A Pilgrim guest from the Syrian hills having unveiled to him something of what was back of the words of David, "Oh, that one would give me water to drink of the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate," the author shares with lovers of the home everywhere the charm of this wanderer's visit. There are several appropriate illustrations. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston, 60 cents net).**

Josephine. By Elizabeth Cummings. Chapters in the life of a little girl in war-time. Josephine, the eleven-year-old girl, is a charming heroine, and the descriptions of her own experiences, her child friendships, her amusements, her difficulties are delightful, but the more serious part of the story is a very life-like description of the effect of the Civil war on the various members of a community, old and young, the ardent young patriot, the abolitionist, the bounty-jumper, etc. **(Pilgrim Press, Boston).**

The Proof of God. By Harold Begbie. A book by the author of "Twice Born Men," which gathers up and presents in a readable manner the discoveries and conclusions of the scientists and philosophers with respect to life—its orgin etc., centering all in an Infinite Personality. There are chapters on: Origins, Evolution, the Belief of Men of Science, Hypotheses, A Knowledge God, Personality, and the Tendency of Modern Thought. The method is the Socratic one—that of the dialogue, and the book is replete with information. **(Fleming H. Revell Co., New York; 75 cents net).**

The Man Napoleon. By William Henry Hudson. While this book has to do especially with Napoleon the man, it has not been possible to separate him thus from what he was as a soldier. Accordingly one gets herein a graphic picture of his whole career, without such detail as to his military achievements as would have made the book interesting to only a limited number of readers. Napoleon is perhaps the most dramatic character in history, and the author in this study of him has sent forth a book which will be as enticing to the readers of biography and thus incidentally of history, as the leading novels are to lovers of fiction. The book contains 16 fine colored illustrations, and is attractive in every way. **(Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, $1.50 net).**

A Pilgrim of the Infinite. By William Valentine Kelley. The author seeks to show in this little book how extensive the range of our personality is. He asks, "How much of a traveler may the soul be?" "What is the human itinerary?" and remarks: "Evidently demonstration by diagram is not here in place, nor is that sort of certainty aimed at which is born at the end of a syllogism. In the highest things of life it is impossible to bind the understanding to conclusions by the clamp of a logical ergo. There are ranges of reality to which the methods of logic, mathematics, and physical science are as useless as they are inapplicable. Nevertheless knowledge is not shut out from those realms, and toward them agnosticism is not the necessary or respectable attitude of mind. With reference to their contents we may arrive at certitude as solid and satisfactory as any mathematic, scientific, or syllogistic conclusion. We simply present a few facts and suggestions which may open here and there a vista, flash, a searchlight off into the dark, and help to substantiate the distinctively Christian affirmation: Great is personality. Its dignity is lofty. Its assets are large. Its fellowships are noble. Its sphere and range are possibly immense." Dr. Kelley's study leads him finally to say: "What better can we say than that life here is incubation, and death is the final launching away off this narrow ledge of time? When liberation and levitation come, it will not seem strange to be afloat on the bosom of eternity, but as natural as nature's self. We were made for that life as surely as for this, and folded within us are the faculties that fit us for it." **(Abingdon Press, New York 50 cents net).**

Social Heredity And Social Evolution. By Herbert William Conn. The author, who is professor of biology in Wesleyan University, states the purpose of this book as follows: "It is the purpose of this work to show that the laws of the evolution of animals and plants apply to human evolution up to a certain point, beyond which man has been under the influence of distinct laws of his own. It is our purpose to show that while the human animal may doubtless have been developed under the laws which have brought about the evolution of the rest of the living world, the human social unit has been developed under the influence of a new set of forces which have had little or no influence in developing the animal kingdom. In doing this there will be given a sketch of the evolution of what we call civilization, for such a sketch will show us that social evolution has been controlled and guided by a new force which we call social heredity, a force which had almost nothing to do with the evolution of the rest of the organic world, and one which acts independently of the laws which the eugenists are disclosing to view." There are chapters on: Human and Animal Evolution Contrasted, The Origin of Language, The Evolution of Moral Codes, The Evolution of the Moral Sense, The Beginnings of Social Evolution, The Growth of Different Types of organization, The General Direction of Progress, The Fundamental Forces in Social Evolution, Egoism in the Human Race, Altruism, Social Evolution and Social Heredity, The Laros Controling Human Social Heredity and Evolution. It is a scholarly, and yet a thoroughly readable book, by a scholarly man. Professor Conn is the author of "Evolution of Today," "The Living World," The Method of Evolution," etc. **(The Abingdom Press, New oYrk, $1.50 net).**

MORE CONCERNING THE MID-WEEK SERVICE.

Editor of the Pacific:

Dr. Aked's cheerful confession of the increasing invalidism of the conventional prayermeeting cannot but bring soothing balm to the vexed souls of his brother clergymen. What man of us is there who can claim to have brought his mid-week service to the acme of efficiency by means of traditional and orthodox methods? And who does not feel a drop of comfort to know that even Dr. Aked is in the

same predicament and has worked his way out by the same door? For it is increasingly evident that the men and brethren, mothers and sisters in spiritual Israel, will not be present in overwhelming numbers to engage in worship, praise, prayer, exhortation or testimony. What then? If the people will not come to the meeting, the meeting must go to the people. Which is to say that in the administration of parish affairs the law of evolution appears, and demands that life adjust itself to environment, under penalty of extirpation.

The law which operates to the extinction of the prayer-meeting and the substitution of the "lecturette" in the case of the First Church of San Francisco, prevails in like proportion in my own and countless others. I have been looking over my records and find the following:

Sixteen meetings, the topic being, "The Background of Christianity." These were straight Old Testament Introduction lectures, with questions and discussions, preceded by hymns, Scripture and prayer. Attendance, 181 average, 11 plus.

Fourteen meetings, the topic being "The Book of Acts." These were expository talks, conducted along much the same lines as the previous course, with wall-map for journeys of Paul. Attendance, 121; average, 8 plus.

Four out and out lectures, delivered from reading-desk, and announced as "lectures." Topic, "The Inner Significance of the Great War." Preceeded by brief passage of Scripture, and a read prayer of some great divine. Final ten minutes for debate, question etc. from the floor. Attendance for the first four lectures delivered thus far, 114; average, 28 plus.

As may be surmised by far the bulk of audience for these War lectures is composed of non-church-goers, or people from other communions. They are public, and the public comes. I have had no objections from my own members or officials, who really, in view of the shabby support given the other two courses, could make no criticism with any good grace. SHELTON BISSELL.

La Jolla Cal.

SAD ACCOUNTS FROM SOUTH CHINA.

Two letters received recently from South China will interest all readers of the Pacific, partly as showing the fearful conditions under which just now Christian work must be prosecuted there, and partly as showing that no unfavorable conditions can absolutely stay the saving work of Christ. The writer of these letters, Rev. Joe Jet was converted many years ago in our Oakland Mission. He did good work as a Missionary helper at Stockton and elsewhere, but finally went to Portland, Oregon and engaged in business.

Nearly thirty years ago our Congregational Christian Chinese organized a Missionary Society for Christian work in the districts of South China from which they came. It prospered and they felt the need of a Field Superintendent, in whose zeal and wisdom and absolute fidelity they could safely trust in, and they summoned Jos Jet from Portland to take this position. No doubt he made a large sacrifice so far as worldly prosperity was concerned, in responding to this summons. He was ordained by a council called by Bethany Church and went immediately to fulfill the service which he has rendered so faithfully and efficiently that I have never heard a word of criticism respecting him. Under date of Sept. 1, he writes:

"The prayer meetings and other evening services remain the same as usual. The average daily attendance in the reading room is about the same. Although great gatherings attended the different religious services, their hearts, have not been touched by the Holy Spirit. They believe that Confucianism is to them as Christianity is to the Western people. Besides there are people who are preparing literature, stories or other make-ups to slander the Christian religion and its followers, just as happened before the Boxer uprising in 1900, in order to arouse the anger of the people. It is especially dangerous at this time when all parts of the country are in unrest, suffering with plagues, floods, murder by officials or robbers, kidnapping, etc. It is a hard time everywhere.

I will tell you some stories about the robbers. This province has always been called a province that has most robbers, but never in history has more robbery or more fierce deeds than to-day. At present they come by thousands in one time, and when they pass they completely raid any town, and are away with them the residents, poor or rich. If they are too poor to raise any ransom money they are ordered to be shot so as to frighten the hearts of the rich. The robbers are cruel enough to plane thin all the foot bottoms of the people kidnapped, thus to avoid any escape. Some poor children have been boiled and sent back home dead for refusing to pay the ransom money. Since the Christian rulers, the Revolutionists, were out of power, the present heathen officials are so corrupted that they are not only unable to suppress the robbers to bring comfort to the people, but very often their own properties, soldiers and personal guards were captured by the robbers. Satan rules!

It is very unfortunate that most if not all of the nations at war profess to be Christians. Chinese people have greatly criticised it. I hope that the war will soon be over for the sake of humanity."

An earlier letter under date of July 1st. gives a quite clear idea of the work he has been doing and the success which attends it, even in such troublous times.

"After celebrating the Lord's Supper in Canton, where only one person was baptized, I went to Sun Win Shang, where I served Lord's Supper to about fifty members among a congregation of eighty, and four adults received baptism.

Then went to Yan Ping Shang, having a congregation of about fifty and only half of them are full members. I found that, that chapel is too old and needs repairing. I desire to raise money to rebuild it and have raised about one thousand dollars. Thus I appointed seven elders to form a committee for the work, and I hope to be able to secure a suitable quarter where a school-room is to be fitted out at the end of this year.

Then I went to Sye Kow where I baptized two children. The congregation was about eighty and the full membership was about sixty.

Then at Cheng Sha I baptized one man, the congregation and membership being the same as in the former place.

Then I took Rev. Mr. Young's place and went to Tai Kong Hui. This belongs to the American Board Mission, but the school and financial problem are self supported. The congregation was 120; one fourth full members.

Then I went to Sai Ning Tye, where having a congregation of over four hundred and full membership of over two hnudred, I baptized four men one child and one woman.

Because of convenience I visited Rev. Mr. Young's village at Mu Bin. There is also a chapel under the care of the American Board, and the money was raised by Rev. Mr. Young from among the village men in New York. There

are three girls' schools and one boys' school. The congregation was about 200. Eleven years ago I was there when the people tried to destroy the new chapel, but now everything is different."

Rev. Mr. Young mentioned above is known among us as Yong Park. He was converted in our Oroville Mission, went to New York and became a leader among the Chinese Christians in that city. When he determined to return to his native country, he secured from his brethren in New York and from American friends funds sufficient for the erection of a chapel in his native village. He succeeded in doing this against bitter, even moblike, opposition from the villagers, and then put it to such good use for them that he won the friendship of his former foes. At length he was ordained, and when Dr. Hager was compelled by sickness to return to this country, he was called to the pastorate of the great church gathered in Hong Kong. W. C. P.

MINISTERIAL ECONOMY.

An Address by Rev. C. J. Swain at the Northwest Association in Washington.

The West is the graveyard of preachers. Her golden sands wash over the bleaching hulks of many a craft which once sought this shore freighted with moral hopes and purposes, and which now lies wrecked in tears and heartbreak, a part of the huge cost of redeeming the future empire of the West.

The reasons for most of this loss are easy to see. Many floaters and incompetents have come to us crowded out of the East and have made this their last stand before finally drifting to other occupations. Many old men have come lured by the hope of passing their declining years in some fair vale, in a fruitful and pleasant land in useful service for their Lord. But this is a land of battling giants, mental, material and moral, and an old man, old in mind, heart and determination, whether he be 27 or 70, can find no easy field to till and grow old gracefully in. The West has a smaller quota of men too immature and inexperienced to grapple with their problems. It has had its professionals who had no science or art beyond that of preaching so many sermons and making so many pastoral calls. It has had its dreamers, its extremists, and a few, thank God, only a few, men who were at heart rogues—moral delinquents.

The most tragic feature of all has been the many middle grade, well-equipped and balanced, worthy men, who have come with ambitions to really solve problems, and add to the sum of things in developing this land. They have held good churches, drawn good salaries, and have had measureable success in the East, and every promise is theirs. But when here the forces are found so chaotic, the problems so confused and puzzling, the returns meagre and unstable, and the problems so deep and fundamental that they lose their grip. They struggle, fret and worry, and get dazed or become sullen or whiney. They drift from one church to another and at last slump into a spineless attitude of professionalism, find some easy field back home again, or very often under the strain of it all, health breaks and the man sinks into an early grave. Washington has many graves filled with godly men, perfectly good ministers who could not master their task and died of what God will call a broken heart.

The conditions which bring about this tragic state are easy to see but hard to analyze, and so far are impossible to conquer. There is, first of all, the nature of the land. High mountains, deep mines, impenetrable forests of giant fir, a wide ocean, torrential rivers , and a climate that is unaccountable in its effect on the human constitution. To this land of wild and rugged nature came men of kindred type to battle with the wilderness. They were men of courage, strength and hardihood, and were passionate in their temperament. Many of them were moraal refugees and had left faith and ethical control behind. In the intervals between their relentless warfare with gigantic natural forces they took their pleasures in wild debauchery. This war with nature cost us dearly in human life, and the woods and waterways of our State are lined with these pioneers who fell in battle with the wilderness. Many of these pioneers have left children still hardy and vigorous, but forming a substratum of inert moral quality which the worker for Christ finds hard to kindle with gospel fire.

Later immigrations to join this original body of western life have brought an incredible mixture of all breeds, creeds, types and kinds of folk the world produces: Wandering sons and daughters of good eastern stock, out for adventure in a new land, unmoored from old personal and moral ties; innumerable men with a yellow streak in them who are devising schemes to beat the world to its treasure heap and who leave a trail of criminality; good people with large hopes who fail in their ambitions and who become heavy with their self-shame and self-pity; substantial people of good moral breeding who struggle bravely to maintain their faith in this strange, chaotic land; all breeds of people from all the world working side by side for a common livelihood; labor forces highly organized, selfish, and for the most part godless, struggling for the spoils of industry with a capital which is still more grasping and determined; a multitude of half-hearted religious people of every conceivable faith, 26 of them by actual count in a town of 1,000, each with a religious past and no present, and their memories of sacred things clustered about some white spire on eastern prairies, or centered in loved friends of sainted recollection.

Such, in a faint way, is a glimpse of the strange, chaotic, seething maelstrom of our western life. To this comes a pastor from an organized, sedate, and settled East. This problem he must master or feel himself a failure and droop in shame. No wonder the west is the graveyard of preachers.

Ministerial economy is the science and art of adjusting the minister to this to this task of morally organizing the west and laying the foundation of a Christian civilization here which shall be commensurate with the future greatness of this favored land.

First, a few words regarding the type of man who should come West, and whose coming is economical to the Cause and who will make the western church to prosper in the Lord. He should not be, as has already been suggested, an old man ready to break under disappointment want, or hard labor. Neither should be too young, and not have measured himself in the battle of life, and have gained self-confidence and God-confidence. He needs rugged manly health to maintain the respect of the strong men of the West. He needs to be a solid personality who can look men square in the eye and cause them to know he is somebody in particular. Besides being a good human he must be a sort of a saint—lead a clean, sweet life and be on good speaking terms with his Master. He must have a hint of grey matter and be able to face a problem and read its secret from its heart. He must know modern mind and how to preach the gospel in sane and modern language. He must be able to lead his people into the wider, stronger vision of today, and yet not lose his grasp on common sense and the eternal verities of the past. He must be an optimist. Not the sort who profanely bids you smile, and which is but two removes from idiocy. But the kind of man who is hilarious because he knows the Almighty still rules the universe and that all the goings of men are in his hands, and because the soul of man is built for truth and truth will overcome all error, and because love is stronger than hate and will consume it in its mellow fires.

But what's the use? You cannot pack all the human and divine virtues into one human soul and set him to pastor a mixed flock of refractory mountain sheep at $800 per annum. The combination is a miracle and happens but once or twice in an age. But at least he must be a red-blooded man, a good man and have some brains, elsewise the work will suffer and the wheels of the chariot of the Lord drag heavily.

And now let me venture a few things which will make for ministerial economy and serve the larger interests of the Cause. I think I shall name first, staying power. A man must stay by to get the full effect of his work. Less than a two year pastorate is a calamity to both the preacher and the church. Five years is only common decency. Ten years put a man where his soul can do its full work in the moral

lifting of a people. Besides, no man living can conceive an adequate program for a Christian church in a community and put it through in less than ten years. As Emerson says, if the diamond requires ages to grow, why accelerate the births of the Eternal? A man is educating a commonwealth. He is building boys and girls into the future leaders of their race. It cannot be done over night.

The evangelist comes into a town and in four weeks of fervid surface oratory fixes a few score people in consecration vows and they join the church. The pastor is frankly envious over fruits thus plucked by another before his eyes and from his own garden. But he need not be. His is the honor and the success. He sowed the seed of truth and prepared the soil. He will build saintly character in them in the after years. The evangelist has only given the real pilot of lift at the harbor bar. He is a momentary factor. He is a surface phenomenon, a swirl in the current of moral progress. Billy Sunday himself is merely an extra large wave on its bosom. The vast onward drift toward moral perfection which every man of vision sees is caused by the prayers, tears, personal persuasions and teachings of countless quiet men who stay by the stuff. The pastor is by the the cradle of moral destiny. Future ages are in his spiritual keeping. Let him be faithful, and continue in patience.

I have often marveled over the powerlessness of good preaching and the powerfulness of poor preaching. The few good sermons leave no trace, like water poured out on a plain of sand. But the hearer who sits under a preacher who is a good man though an uninspiring preacher reaches at last the saturation point in his subconscious moral processes and they suddenly crystalyze into strong stable and vital Christian character. Such converts do not backslide, and they can be depended on for service. A long pastorate always produces a group of these grantitic characters and with these in plenty the church can never die.

I am also tremendously impressed with the large influence persons have over us and the part personality has in all social movement. The man it is which makes every truth vital and which embodies a principle and gives it staying power. It is this which breeds social forces and endows institutions with dignity and permanence. A weak man lost the world from God and a divine man is saving it to God. The man behind the gun makes that hollow tube an impassible barrier. The man behind the sermon and the pastor's visit gives them power. A long pastorate by a good wise and kind man means infinitely more than the sum of his sermons. Years give his works and words point and range and carry him into the inmost heart of a parish. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Having resolved to stay in a parish half a life time, ministerial economics demands that a minister shall obtain an adequate vision of his task. I have read lately of some fiery hearted youths who refused to consider the ministry as a call because of its pettiness. To drone out two dull sermons on Sunday, lead a dead prayermeeting on Wednesday, visit the parish dames of afternoons and gossip about babies and the weather, and to arbitrate the squabbles of a tired village church did not appeal to them as being a man's job. And some pastors recently deserting to mercantile pursuits have also pleaded the same excuse. Personally, I never could see where selling shoddies and arbitrating pigs and chickens, however necessary to the world's convenience, was more advanced in dignity. The poorest preacher in the world is working in materials that outlast all the works of time. The trouble is, these ambitious persons did not really sense the genius and glory of this calling. When it comes to dignity and real values I am not ashamed to set over against Edison, Morgan, or even the Wrights of soaring fame, the Elijahs, Pauls and Wesleys of religious history. These brave souls made valuable and honorable in the eyes of men a calling which proclaims what lay in the heart of God before he even ordered a world to be, and they established kingdoms of character that are still fresh when the pyramids are hoar with age.

A man to be a preacher with power must magnify his calling. He must see that his task touches all life and is concerned with the fountains of human progress and worth. His work is the foundation of all enduring institutions. His influence should throb in every home. His teaching finally inspires every destiny. He is related to the schools, the business house, the courts of justice, to the makers and breakers of law. He spreads the table of the Lord and offers the cup of salvation, and thither come the perplexed, the wearied toilers in the world's varied vineyard. If he is in any true sense a prophet, they go away with minds new tuned to life's responsibilities, and jaded souls regarded to the battle. He stands as a teacher by the cradle of the race, and through the Sunday school he molds a new generation to bear the world's burden and be the shapers of future destiny. Without his work all civilization and progress would stop in mid air like an airship with a dead engine, and humanity would vol-plane back to the primeval depths whence we have come at infinite pains. The preacher holding before us our Christ, and his and our Father, and introducing us to the Holy Ghost is the only moral evolutionary force I can read into the philosophy of history. There is no moral ascent without God and the man of God.

Not only its dignity and authority should lift the preacher to his high duty, but he must learn the myriad possibilities of reaching and changing human character, and he must learn all the methods of applying God's high truth and deep love to the complex need of humanity. He must set in motion the many social forces which build lofty and cultured community character. He must be a scientific preacher. Not a preacher of science, but a man who knows the many moods of the soul and how to plan appropriate and useful ways of satisfying the souls demands, and how to lead manly souls out into saintly character and into vital service for God and the world.

There is a science of preaching and pastoring. An exact and possible method of ministering to every need of the soul. The moral world is not a chaos or the rule of chance. It is a cosmos, an orderly harmonized world which can be definitely known and its methods of attainment absolutely worked out and followed. Sinfulness may be a chaos, but morality is the reign of law, and Christ is the personifier of that law. Full knowledge and practice of that law is a science, and an art to be definitely and completely known and demonstrated. Once let a preacher grasp this great fact, let him once learn the laws of spiritual advancement, let him realize that he is the redemptor through Christ of a small empire, and that he has the sure method of it all, and his task will no longer seem trivial, nor will his courage and zeal flow weak. He will plan and work and strive with all the fire and hardihood of a Klondyke gold seeker.

Oh! my brother, your little plot of ground is a veritable mine of gold, precious stones, and jewels of character which you are to dig and work into diadems for your Lord. It is a task that kings might envy. Among your boys, if you are faithful and wise, are future prophets, statesmen, college professors, missionaries, business kings, inventors, men who shall rule the race. Who wouldn't be proud to be the pastor of a Wilson, a Moody, a Francis Willard or a Jane Addams? They are all there in embryo in your parish, and it is your glorious work to discover them and inspire them and trace channels for their genius to flow forth by. Get the fervor of this vision in your brain and you will stop grinding at the mill like Samson and will plan victories like David. Your age and pessimism will fall off like a garment of rags and you will go forth in the power of the spirit. That would be a fine help to ministerial economy.

A correlated principle of ministerial economy would be to plan an adequate program for the church and set before it a large vision of the work to be done, and the grand ends to be gained and thereby give it also a mighty lift and the stimulus of a vast enterprise. War, politics and commerce thrill men's imaginations by their large and comprehensive nature. The church deadens us by the pettiness and inconsequential character of its program. A struggling handful of people with a dreary wreck of a church building, a nerveless, ill-fed pastor, with a Sunday school and Endeavor society and other auxiliaries in breathing existence, and with a salary given by the missionary society and helped out by the sweat of the Ladies' Aid brows—it seems too trifling for many men to attend and work for. Men who could give a hundred without the flicker of an eyelash will pinch five for such an institution. It shrivels the whole conception of religion. God and eternal destiny, to have religion doled out to us from such mean vessels.

Thank God, in these days a new vision has come to us, and a program has been worked out practically in the so-called community churches which takes away the triviality hindrance, gives the church the dignity of size and usefulness and appeals to real men. In this movement the church takes her place as the center of community life once more,

and is connected with the total needs of the people. She not only worships on Sunday and has her Sunday schools for the study of the word, but she aims to reach the week day needs of people as well. Libraries, gymnasiums, study clubs, university extension lectures, lectures on economics and progressive movements, concerts, new methods of farming, boy scouts, girl's clubs, sewing classes, social times for different groups of the community, and a dozen other things which give people something to think about or to do which adds to their pleasure and profit and attach them to the church.

May I repeat an extract from a paper given last year at Bellingham summing up ten years' work at Du Page Ill.' in a wholly rural community where only the sorriest attempts at Christian work had been done for years.

"Ten years finds the church the biggest and realest thing in that region. They have built a ten thousand dollar church with modern decorations and appointments, such as classrooms, kitchens, dining rooms, pastor's study, furnaces, toilet rooms, gas, water, etc. The auditorium seats three hundred, while one hundred and fifty more find seats by throwing open the assembly room. It has a library of a thousand volumes and plans study courses in scientific agriculture, civic government, sociology and domestic science. It is reviving the fireside university idea and ministering to all the known wants of the community in some form. The athletic association was re-organized and extended. The young men have a Bible class of fifty which gets out 150 at its big features. It meets Sunday for Bible study and monthly for business and fun. It conducts an entertainment bureau and has a printing press for local and church advertising. Song and gospel meetings under its auspices are held in groves in summer and in nearby school houses in winter. The young women have a mission band or society that combines devotional, social and educational work and makes garments for the poor in the city. The cradle roll and home department number three hundred, the Sunday school is particularly strong in reaching the young religiously and in allying them with the church. Scarcely a single person between the ages of ten and twenty in the region but belongs to the church. The church has made all these improvements in the ten years with an expenditure of about $15,000, has raised the pastor's salary 40 per cent, and given to missions $5,200 besides."

If every community had one pastor who could conceive a similar comprehensive program, and could make his people see it, and inspire them to work for it, about one generation would witness a moral and spiritual revolution which would equal or surpass the original revolution of a pagan world under the conquering impulse generated at Pentecost.

May I repeat again at the danger of being wearisome, that three fourths the trouble with modern Christianity is due to the inertia of pettiness. Give the pastor a mighty vision of conquest and a program equal to the task, and give his people a mighty vision of a conquering kingdom a program large enough to stir their zeal and imagination, and a veritable moral equinox would sweep our land and bring new spiritual seasons.

Another vital requisite of an economic ministry is that of adequate equipment. No small pastor, and nineteen out of twenty of us are small, can afford adequate tools for his trade. We are like the Israelites in Egypt, set to making bricks without straw. Our libraries are old, small, scrambled, and are the scrapings of years of poverty, or the gift of some sainted and pre-historic father-minister. How meet the twentieth century tidal wave of anti-Christs with men fed on fiber dessicated for fifty years? As well meet modern farming competition with a mattox and a sicle. Did you ever feed a horse with hay baled for ten years? Then you know the economy of trying to preach to modernity fed on the residue our ancestors could not digest. We could at least have ministerial circulating libraries and keep up to date. Every minister should have shelves full of books, new books, best books, and his mental equipment entirely modern.

He needs travel, conventions, Chautauquas, fellowship, the meeting of Christians in masses, the attrition of his professional brothers, the clinics of the most advanced educationalists and soul winners of our times. He needs building equipment equal to the wide burden community interests demand. It is a sin not to have a suite of Sunday school rooms for at least ten isolated classes, and equipped social and supper rooms. The boys must have their headquarters and the brotherhood its sacred precinct. There must be a lantern and relief maps, and a modern library, and whatever is needed to make an appeal to whole humanity.

A pastor should have a run-about, and the church a printing press or copying machine. And so I might go on. And how will all this be obtained? I do not know. I cannot get them myself. But I do know that lack of such things is killing preachers and wasting their days and scamping their work. No man without such equipment is a quarter of a man, or can get the tithe of the results he could get with them. The hard labor, the weariness and the heart break of the petty work men have to do by hand and without means, in an age when all other things are geared to power and high finance, deadens the soul, stifles the spirit, and makes the results so small we even despair of the millennium.

Given the vision and the program and the tools of labor, the next piece of ministerial economics is hard and gruelling toil at one's profession. No eight hour law will help the minister save his parish from perdition. A man must call out all his resources and invest all his character forces. Tremendous mental toil to push back the dead line from athwart the fifties to past the seventies, and to let the mind of the age flow through him to his people. Bathe himself in the joys and sorrows of the living multitude so his heart will be tender and warm when his head is drifted with white and his feet trail slow. Pray in agony so the secret channels which permit Divine grace to flow down into his soul may be kept open, so he shall never lose sainthood. Work overtime to keep all this moral machinery in motion and the people encouraged and fitted to their appropriate parts. He will be tired to the bone and need six weeks vacation each year. But it won't kill him, nor wear him out before old age comes, for victory, and the pleasure of the Lord, and a world being redeemed are like the fountain of youth to one and as the elixir of life.

The time has come for a reorganization of the American church of Christ. Our progress is too slow and our victory is too inadequate to the gigantic problems this new and strange age has thrown upon us. We must set ourselves to the renewal of the life of the nation. It is not a city problem, it is a country and village problem. Out on the hills and the plains and in the forests and valleys is where America is being born educated and moralized. The city is merely the waste gate of streams whose fountain is in the high hills. The one hundred thousand pastors who spiritually bread the rural population to maturity are the only ones who can save the America of the future. Upon them the great work of moral and religious education devolves. The leaders of the age must recognize where the burden rests and move out with help so these skirmish lines of the Lord can be reinforced in the saving of their land.

Some Ford ought to contribute 25,000 machines so three million pastorless farmers can be reached. Some Carnegie should equip a field pastor's travelling library and contribute it to every county and to every sizable town in the Union. Some McCormick should combine the fifteen largest Protestant churches, telescope their equipment and have an institutional church in every fair sized community in the land. Someone should organize a rational evangelism on a national outline, and every community should be evangelized both publicly and personally once each year. Some one should standardize an adequate program for any rural and village church, and every pastor should catch the vision and put it with all joy and zeal before his people. If perchance no millionaire could be found to finance equipment and consolidation of the churches of our land, there are enough well-to-do men who believe in human worth and goodness to actualize this ideal, if they can be shown a program big enough to Christianize all America.

Some such a program will be worked out some day. Some mind will master the ideal and the method and a campaign will be mapped out to evangelize and fully Christianize the whole nation root and branch. Incompetents will be weeded out, needless duplication of work and workers will be avoided, every pastor will have a full program with full equipment and quota of helpers, and the whole work will be done so easily and economically that there will be no sense of strain or weariness, but joyful and glorious moral victory for Christ in every community and every heart.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Albany Smith, a son of Gipsy Smith, is a student in Crozer Theological Seminary.

An Omaha Church has used the megaphone effectively, on the hills surrounding its house of worship, to announce its services.

For the Billy Sunday meetings in Philadelphia in January a tabernacle is being erected which will seat 11,000. This will be the largest auditorium yet constructed for Mr. Sunday. A vestibule will have standing room for 5,000.

The Missionary Education Movement announces conferences for 1915 at the following named places: Blue Ridge, N. C., June 25-July 4; Silver Bay, N. Y., July 9-19; Ocean Park, Me., July 22-30; Asilomar, Cal., July 2-11; Estes Park, Col., July 16-25; Lake Geneva, Wis., Aug. 6-15. Both home and foreign mission boards unite in these conferences. The features are: Normal mission study groups, teachers classes for Sunday school grades, open parliaments, platform addresses and denominational group meetings.

Pilgrim Church, Boston Massachusetts, begins this week in Winthrop Theater a Men's Forum to be held from 12:10 to 1:10 each Sunday. It will be under the leadership of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Cady. The subjects to be considered are: "The Balkans, the Fire Brand of Europe"; "Austria, Medievalism Down to Date"; "Germany, the Dreams of Empire"; "Russia, the White Bear of the North"; "Turkey, the Sick Man"; "Italy, the Spirit of Old Rome"; "France, a Nation Reborn"; "England and Her Sea Dogs"; "Belgium, the Crime of History"; "Japan, the Yankees of the East"; China, the Sleeping Giant"; "America, the Hope of Democracy"; Is Peace All a Pipe Dream?" A part of each hour will be devoted to questions and discussions. Thus and in other ways is the Church seeking to adapt itself to modern ways and needs.

The Springfield Republican remarks that the restoration of Palestine, or a part of it, to the Jews is a conceivable outcome of the war. "It might come from the carving of Turkey, which some people expect, or the porte might find it to its advantage to yield virtual sovereignty to the people who have been building up the barren land and with whom the Turks have traditionally been on friendly terms. The new Zionist movement, started by Dr. Theodore Herzel less than a generation ago and numbering among its leaders such men as Dr. Max Nordau and Israel Zangwill, has abandoned territorial schemes elsewhere and within a very few years settled down to a development of Jerusalem and its environs. Already great progress has been made under perculiar difficulties and Jewish philanthropy would doubtless provide further millions for a real Jewish holy land. It would be an outcome of world importance."

As a representative of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Professor Shailer Mathews is to tour Japan this fall. He is dean of the divinity school of Chicago University.

What is the use of eternal life to a man who cannot use half an hour of his life well?—Emerson.

True bliss is the grace of God and His benefits, bountifully bestowed on them that serve Him.—Jamakeckari

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Mrs. Kate S. Hart, one of the most faithful and most beloved members of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, passed into the other life last week.

In the afternoon and evening of December the 17th a council will be held for the installation of the Rev. F. L. Cooper as pastor of the Richmond Congregational Church of San Francisco. The sermon will be given by Dr. Aked.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Williams of Redlands, the pastor emeritus of the First Congregational Church of that place, has been secured as regular supply by the Congregational Church at Palo Alto until such time as a successor to Mr. Campbell shall have been secured.

The Rev. Paul Smith, who entered last week on the pastorate of the Central Methodist Church of San Francisco, comes from Boston, where he was pastor of the Dorchester Memorial Church. He was graduated from the divinity school of Boston University in 1910. Mr. Smith is 31 years old.

The annual meeting of the Northern California Methodist Episcopal Conference will be held in San Francisco in 1915, and on Conference Sunday the services will be held in the Auditorium in the Civic Center which the directors of the Panama Pacific Exposition have granted for that purpose. It will seat 10,000 persons.

Friday evening, December the 18th, the men of the Congregational churches of San Francisco will give a reception to the Rev. Dr. Van Horn, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. The meeting will be in Bethany church. The Men's League of Bethany Church has charge of all arrangements. Dr. Farnham will preside. Dr. Aked will give an address. The time is eight o'clock.

Pomona College has entered upon the last month of the campaign for a million dollars. President Blaisdell has never been known to give up anything, and his coworkers have every confidence in his leadership. Under stress of circumstances the people who know of the fine standing and pressing needs of the College are rallying to the cause. This is a rare opportunity to bring forth the precious ointment which has been treasured for a crowning event.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. John Rae of Mill Valley will read an original story which has to do with Eternal Life. Mr. Rae has not been in active work in the ministry for several years; he was at one time an assistant to Dr. McLean in the First Church of Oakland, and in the ministry also in the Presbyterian Church. All who heard the beautiful paper read by him at the annual out-door meeting a few years ago in Mill Valley will be expecting something next Monday well worth hearing.

A project is under way by which the three most centrally located Presbyterian churches in Los Angeles are to be united. At the present time the three churches referred to are the Central, with only a few hundred members, Immanuel with about two thousand, and First, with several hundred. Central and Immanuel are to vote at once on the proposed union, and First is expected to agree. By this merger Presbyterianism would have the largest and wealthiest Protestant congregation in Los Angeles, and with

Dr. Shaw as pastor, one of the most influential churches on the coast.

Among the Churches.

Berkeley, Bethany.—Six persons were received to membership at the communion service last Sunday.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—This Church was greatly strengthened by the addition of eight new members Dec. 6th, all of them experienced workers from other fields.

Claremont.—To the great satisfaction of the people of the church, Rev. Philip S. Bird, the associate pastor, has returned to his work. At one time it was thought that Mr. Bird would be obliged to remain in the East because of the illness of his parents. Mr. Bird offers an evening course of addresses leading up to Christmas.

Sierra Madre.—The people of our church were surprised when the pastor Rev. W. H. Hannaford read his resignation on the morning of November 29th. His success in building up the young people's organization and strengthening the church has been notable.

San Diego, Logan Heights.—The pastorate of the Logan Heights church has just been assumed by Rev. Frank C. Reid, who for the last thirteen months has very successfully served in the church in Maricopa, where in that time he received into membership thirty people. Previous to his pastorate in Maricopa, Mr. Reid had worked in the Presbyterian fellowship.

Santa Barbara.—Rev. W. C. Merrill will close a twelve years pastorate with the last Sunday of the month. At the communion service on the sixth instant, three persons were received into membership. The church is thoroughly united, has a well located property valued at $40,000, and looks to the coming of a new leader who may continue the work which has been fostered by Dr. Merrill.

Calipatria.—The Imperial Valley Churches in general, and the Calipatria church in particular, enjoyed during the past week the presence of Moderator Lash and Superintendent Larkin of the Southern California Conference. They travelled through the valley from end to end, studying missionary prospects at Niland, Calipatria and Calexico, at the latter of which places we have had for several years a thriving church. On Sunday morning, Mr. Lash preached at Niland and Mr. Larkin at Calexico, and Mr. Lash in Calexico in the evening. A Ladies' Aid Society, with 25 members, has been organized at Calipatria, and under its auspices Mr. Larkin gave his superbly illustrated lecture on the High Sierras. Ground has been broken for the new church building in Calipatria. Rev. E. E. Smith, Conference Missionary, is in charge of the work at Calipatria and Niland.

Rialto.—Rev. George F. Mathes is beginning his seventh year with this Church. During this time there has been a steady and substantial growth in all departments. The increase in membership has been fifty-four per cent, and all organizations are well manned and doing good work. At the prayer meeting for the winter a series of lectures is being delivered on "The Teachings of Jesus." On the first Sunday evening of each month, a historical sermon in a series on "The Life of Christianty," and on the second Tuesday evening a public lecture on Psychotherapy and kindred subjects. The pastor having been cured of a very severe nervous trouble by mental treatment and having made a special study and investigation of this subject is, in conjunction with a regular physician, undertaking the treatment of the nervous disorders of those who come under his pastoral care and oversight. In this way he is able to minister to both, the physical and spiritual parts of men. Thus far very gratifying results have attended the efforts along these lines. The church is now looking forward to the time when its building can be enlarged and better fitted to conduct an aggressive and systematic work for the Master.

FOURTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Rev. Roy H. Campbell preached his first sermon, as pastor of the Fourth Congregational Church, on last Sunday morning. Subject, "Facing the New," an uplifting address, throughout which could be perceived Mr. Campbell's enlightened trend of thought upon the inevitable change and onward movements in life and religion. A large congregation greeted Mr. Campbell, while from each heart came a warm and earnest response to his words of freedom.

The word **"Welcome,"** wrought out in feathery green, while completing tasteful decorations, conveyed the silent expression of the acceptance with gladness of Mr. Campbell's ministry.

Appropriate words of dismissal and acceptance were given by Dr. O. L. Elliot of Palo Alto, and Mr. C. E. Irving of Fourth Church. Pastor Emeritus Rev. F. H. Maar closed the splendid service with the benediction.

Mr. Campbell's series of sermons for seven Sunday evenings will include the following interesting subjects, under the general one of "Little Visits to Churches of Yesterday and Today":

Dec. 6th, Plymouth Church and the Marks of Beecher; Dec. 13th, The Spirit of Brooks in Copley Square; Dec. 20th, Christmas Cheer From the Voice of Music; Dec. 27th, Billy Sunday and Mother Church—a contrast; Jan. 3rd, A Church Without a Church Name—a Woman Minister; Jan. 10th, Chicago's Vital Spots of a Sunday; Jan. 17th, Our Church and People Like You.

The Ladies' Aid Society scored the usual success at the Annual Bazaar and entertainments held on Thursday and Friday afternoons and evenings of last week—socially and financially the result was most gratifying.

The activities of Fourth Church are well established and all departments are enthusiastic for work.

Plans are in progress for a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell on Tuesday evening, December 15th. A splendid program will be carried out.

CHRISTIAN CO-OPERATION AMONG THE JAPANESE.

The union of the Japanese Congregational and Presbyterian Churches of San Francisco was noted in the Pacific about two months ago. It works well. A personal letter just received from Los Angeles states that a Co-operative Committee representing, If I correctly understand the writer, all the Japanese Churches in Los Angeles, has been appointed, which meets once each month to study the work with reference to promoting fellowship and increasing spiritual power. A Literature Committee will endeavor to establish a Circulating Library with books in English and in Japanese. A picnic was held on Thanksgiving Day at which "about 300 were present and had a fine time." Special services were held at our Bethlehem Mission Chapel

at which "23 young men stood for Christ, 17 of them our boys. It was a blessed moment. I could not keep back any tears." W. C. P.

WASHINGTON.

A message to the First Congregational Church of Tacoma from its Pastor.

On the 3rd of December, the Rev. Frank Dyer transmitted to the First Congregational Church of Tacoma the following message:

"I have been instructed by the Council of the Church to lay before you a matter of considerable importance, for consideration and for vote.

"The proposition is, that the Church undertake a series of Sunday evening services down town in the new Empress Theatre.

"The theatre, seating a thousand people, has been offered by Mr. Richards, the manager, without charge to this church.

"The time would be at 5:30 o'clock. The duration of the service would be a little more than one hour.

"The plan would be to transfer our ministers, our music and our congregation during the time we were engaged in this effort to the theatre, at least during the month of January.

"The purpose would be to bring the gospel message to hundreds of people who are apparently, to a considerable extent, holding aloof from the churches. There are several reasons for undertaking such a campaign.

"1. Our church is one of the most privileged, the most cultured, the most capable of the Christian groups of the community. There is some danger that we become self-centered. The best antidote for this is unselfish service.

"2. We owe it to the city. Thousands of the rank and file of our citizens gathered here from the world over are to be seen walking up and down our streets evenings and holidays, ready for the next thing. A Christian service brought to a place visible, accessible and familiar to them will atttract this interest and bring many of them into the Christian life.

"3. Our own church needs a deepening of passion to bring the gospel to others. Our own young people need a deepening of their conviction and a fuller commital of their lives to Christ. Direct Evangelistic work is the best known way to accomplish this.

"Is there no danger, that our children reared in ease and comfort, with every social advantage, will forsake Christ and live worldly, empty lives.

"4. It is reasonable to suppose that this task, sincerely and prayerfully undertaken, will bring back with us into our regular services and organizations some at least who have been reached and perhaps more important still we shall bring back a spirit of definite Christian service that will make us ready to bear some heavier cross than to attend public worship once on the Lord's Day.

"If for these and other reasons you are ready to undertake this piece of Christian service, it will be a pleasure to me to be your leader in attempting to carry it successfully forward for the glory of God and good of our fellowmen."

It is easier for some fellows to pass counterfeit money in a saloon than to pass the saloon.

There are times when it takes a mighty strong-minded woman to hold her tongue.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By J. Edwards.

Rev. A. P. Orth, of Genesee, Ida., will close his ministry at that place in the near future and contemplates returning to the east. His ministry has been acceptable and efficient at St. John and Genesee since he came to this state six years ago.

Rev. Jesse L. Rollins has closed his labors at Kootenai and Hope, Ida. At the former place a church building was erected during his ministry. Good work was done in both fields.

The writer has been informed that Rev. Grant B. Wilder of Wallace, Ida., has resigned to take effect about the first of the year. Bro. Wilder has done effective work in a hard field. During his ministry a splendid parsonage has been erected, and the people in and around the mountain metropolis have been improved by his ministry and personality.

Rev. S. A. Waters has closed his ministry at Plummer, Ida. He has built up the work from the foundation at this place by faithful service and sacrifice. Rev. Darle, a Wesleyan Methodist from Canada has taken up the work with promise of success despite unholy sectarian competition.

Rev. W. E. Hunt, formerly of Deary, Ida., after a serious illness, has gone to the mountains of Santa Cruz, Cal., to recuperate.

Rev. Mr. Bryan (M. E.) has been engaged temporarily to minister to the Tekoa, Wn. Church. This church has been without a pastor for two or three years, and has had only occasional peaching. It is hoped by God's blessing, that Bro. Bryan, who has a reputation as a successful evangelist, will infuse new life into the church, and lead the faithful ones to victory.

Rev. H. E. K. Whitney, formerly of Plains, Mont., will preach his inaugural sermon as pastor of the Hillyard Church, Wn., next Sunday. We trust that he will prove a worthy successor of the consecrated and versatile, and now sainted Brother Keene.

Rev. G. H. Rice and family has moved from Colville to Rosalia this week, and he will begin his ministry at the latter place next Sunday.

Rev. G. H. Wilbur will close his ministry at Sprague this month. He will preach next Sunday at Kootenai, Ida.

Rev. C. F. Thomas, formerly an assistant of Dr. Gunsaulis, in Chicago, has accepted a call and began work at Pilgrim Church, Spokane. His family already occupies the parsonage, and he enters upon the work with vigor and high ideals. Rev. W. J. Hindley, formerly pastor of Pilgrim Church, from which he became mayor of Spokane, this week vacated the mayor's chair and left for Winnipeg, Man., to become pastor of Central Congregational Church. He was banqueted on his departure by city officials, ministers and laymen, and went with the good will of a large circle of friends.

Dec. 4th, 1914, Spokane, Wash.

In the end thought rules the world. There are times when impulses and passions are more powerful, but they soon expend themselves, while mind, acting constantly, is ever ready to drive them back and to work when their energies are exhausted.—President M'Cosh.

It isn't every man who can fall into a fortune without sustaining a compound fracture of the morals.

The Home.

HOME LIMITATIONS.

"Norma's husband is a perfect lady."

"And Norma, being a narrow, self-centered person, is perfectly content."

The two young business women moved on, and that was all Anna heard. But it was enough to start her upon a mental review. Anna was a bride of six months, and had arrived at the period when the cloud of a hand's breadth first appears and casts a disproportionately large shadow.

"Well, there's one thing I needn't worry about," she mentally remarked. "Jim will never be a perfect lady. Oh, dear! I wonder if that's one thing sure, I have been wanting him to do as I like, and I've been hurt because he isn't always nice about it. Perhaps doing things as I want them done isn't the end of Jim's existence."

When a young wife can realize that, she is on the way to wisdom. If every wife could make over her husband just as she wants him to be, how many of them would shear away the rugged, manly attributes that are the strength of our people. To some women rugged strength may be more disquieting about the house than some of the less obtrusive vices. What a lot of well-trained, come-when-you're called, perfect ladies of the male persuasion we should have, if some women had the making over of the men!

When nature, for her own ends, wants two of her children to marry, she begins to show them that they dwell in humdrum homes composed of the limitations of an unappreciative family. She holds the doors open, and bids them step out together into a beautiful freedom. And they leave the families that have nurtured them, and with a firm faith they take hands to live in freedom.

For some time the atmosphere is so rose-colored that they do not perceive that they have stepped into another cage. However, the limitations are there, new ones to be sure, but perhaps even more cramping than the old ones. The daily bread must be earned; the day's tasks must be done. Pleasure is rather an infrequent guest, although happiness will remain at the fireside if they know how to persuade her. Before long each realizes that he or she is living with a stranger, whose tastes and habits may be totally different from the tastes and habits of courtship days. What are they going to do? If the wife is one of those persons who can not endure any but her own exact way of doing things, there will be trouble. Of course, there will be trouble, too, if the husband is the inflexible one; but truth compels us to admit that the wife is usually the one who makes herself unhappy over trifles.

In the average marriage it is trifles that make the entering wedge of unhappiness. One or the other takes an injured attitude toward some act or omission. The longer this thing endures, the more unbearable it becomes. It calls out every unlovely trait in the characters of both. It remains one of the puzzling things of life why a young wife will consent to show disagreeable characteristics to her husband so soon after marriage. In the courtship days each dressed the behavior as carefully as the body, but after the marriage both may grow slipshod in dress and behavior.

A woman who adopts an injured air is unlovely, and, if it becomes a permanent characteristic, is likely to be unloved.

Belonging to the unadaptable class was the English gentleman who came to reside in the United States. His business necessitated much traveling and living in hotels. Now, in England when one orders bread and butter, the bread comes with the butter spread upon it. Of course in any American hotel the bread comes unbuttered, an one is supposed to spread the butter to suit himself. The English gentleman frequently ordered bread and butter and tea, but the sight of the unbuttered bread never failed to arouse his wrath. He would sternly order the waiter to take the bread back and butter it, and then he would grumble about it throughout the meal, certainly to the disturbance of his digestion. He is a good example of the "set" person, who, even in the smallest trifles, can admit of no way but the one to which he is accustomed. Whenever I see a wife insisting upon some unessential trifle I think of the bread and butter episodes. Life is made up of trifles, so is happiness and unhappiness.

And the young wife of our story, with her attention suddenly directed toward herself as the possible source of her growing discontent, was broad-minded enough to be fair. 'Jim has a right to his own individuality as I have a right to mine. We must both try to round off the rough corners so that we can live comfortably together. But if there are any corners that won't round off we must just keep away from them, and be happy anyway. What a silly I've been to keep bumping myself against the roung places, as if that would wear them away. I have friends very dear to me, who do little things I don't like, but I do not try to make them over. And I'll not be less considerate of Jim, the dearest friend of all."—The Mothers' Magazine.

THE DUTY OF KINDNESS TO THE SLIGHTLY AFFLICTED.

A clever essayist a few years ago wrote a treatise upon the class she aptly classified as "the halfway poor." By this title she meant people above the blight of actual penury, but who must count their dimes carefully, and who are all their lives handicapped by the necessity of living as well as their rich neighbors. Nobody seems sorry for them, for they conceal gallantly the pinch of the shoe, and would die smilingly, rather than betray personal acquaintance with the miseries of long-standing accounts, and an apprehension of the wolf nearing their doors. In other words, she told of men and women who believe they should keep up appearances on slender means, and fulfill social obligations laid upon them by pride and tradition, and who are bound with fetters of which the avowedly poor know nought.

The handicap of the class for which I hold a brief is not recognized as a "halfway affliction" by their nearest kin. deaf and dumb child of the household is indulged by every body from the time "deficiency" is known. If it be tolerably intelligent, it is the paragon of the community, and its accomplishments are spoken of as phenomenal. At home, its tempers are ignored, its whims indulged and even naughtiness often condoned. Only exceptional amiability or a special exercise of divine grace prevents the child from being a nuisance to itself and everybody else. Thus affliction becomes a cuirass and a crown. Ingenuity and affection combine in the effort to reconcile it to a world from the full enjoyment of which physical defects shut it out.

The Slightly Deaf Suffer Much from Their Affliction.

Real affliction, then, challenges respect and wins con-

sideration from the rudest and most selfish of the sufferer's kind.

In, perhaps, one family in five, one member is a little "hard of hearing." It is usually an elderly person. Age thickens the tympanum, or from some other cause the ear does not respond readily to sound waves. The brain may be as active as ever, the eye as ready to make up for the deficiencies of a fellow sense, but the man whom nobody thinks of as "afflicted" loses much he would like to learn, and feels himself at a disadvantage continually. As every slightly deaf person knows, the hum of general conversation, like breaking waves, confuses. Strain the dull ears as may, he gets but snatches of talk. What he does hear moves him to eager desire to hear more. Unhappy experiences have warned him of the inexpediency of interrupting the conversation by interposing questions. He is daring or tactless who projects into the stream of talk a request that a certain statement be repeated. The interruption he considers awkward and unwelcome. Even the wife, who knows his failing best and makes most frequent allowances for it, cannot always restrain natural impatience sufficiently to supply the missing link without bringing to him more keenly the sense of his infirmity. His juniors are only intolerant, or—and this is the bitterest drop in the cup of the "slightly afflicted"—they are openly amused.

"Poor father!" they lower gay voices to observe, " he hears but half of what is said, and mismatches that!" It is a commonplace in his family that he has "grown so forgetful."

"Dear father!" I am accustomed to hear the daughters say, in forced patience, "we were talking of that last week, and told you all about it. You have forgotten it!" They are sure his inquiries were answered days ago.

One who gets his news in bits must sort and arrange it to the best of his ability, as he would a dissected map, if he would keep abreast of what is going on in the domestic circle and in the neighborhood.

Gradual and growing listlessness is rightly diagnosed as a symptom of old age. Children and friends who deplore it may ask themselves how often apparent indifference to society and national events that engage other people's tongues is the diffidence of the "slightly afflicted" taught by repeated rebuffs, and by ludicrous half comprehension of glib speeches.

"Poor, dear father is an animated catechism!" a pert girl dropped her shrill voice to say, after repeating to him with ostentatious distinctness something he had not caught in its rapid flight from tongue to tongue.

The reader may have observed how inevitably that "dear" precedes the pitying or laughing comment upon the parent's infirmity. I have learned to listen for it and to recognize beneath it pitying patronage that is an insult to the object and a disgrace to the speaker. And I have yet to meet the young man or woman who feels true sympathy—serious and tender—for the vast body of those upon whom the angel of affliction has laid a light finger in passing. The best and gentlest feelings go out for those who have felt the full weight of his heavy hand.

True Sympathy Appreciated and Rewarded.

"I can never forget one incident that proved her to be a true-hearted woman," remarked a widow, when another woman was the topic under discussion. "The last social function my husband attended was a dinner party where she also was a guest. He had recently recovered from a severe illness, which had impaired his hearing. Finding that the hostess had asked him to take Mrs. C——to dinner, I contrived to speak aside to her, and tell her of his deafness. I feared lest it might make him seem inattentive. "Thank you!' she said, cordially. 'My own father has the same trouble; I am used to talking with him. I enjoy it!' My husband told me afterward how tactfully she carried on her part of the conversation. His deafness being a new thing he was naturally sensitive, and it annoyed and mortified him when he was spoken to loudly. It seemed to accentuate the infirmity. However, Mrs. C——played her part so well that he did not even suspect she was aware of his deafness. She proved herself a thoroughbred and, as I have said, a true-hearted woman. It is painful enough to be unlike other people, without being reminded of it at every turn."

I have dwelt upon the "slight affliction" of partial deafness because it is more general than any other disorder of the senses, and so nearly irremediable as to be especially trying to the afflicted one.

I rate next in discomfort, and perhaps first in the failure to awaken sympathy from family and friends, and the certainty of exciting the ridicule of chance acquaintances—an impediment in speech that hampers expression without rendering one really unintelligible. For a dumb man his fellows have respected pity. The finger alphabet is not grotesque. It may be graceful, and there is always the pen or pencil to convey thought more eloquently than the tongue might do. But a stammerer has been the butt of the fool and the idle thinker, if not the song of the drunkard, from time immemorial. In proportion as the tortured tongue struggles vainly to form words, the sufferer becomes ridiculous. Boys mimic his mutterings and his family are ashamed of him.

"You make the boy's stammering worse by letting him see that you worry over it while he is talking," was the remonstrance of a sage friend to a father.

"I can't help it!" snapped the father. I am heartily ashamed of him. And he is my only son. It is hard lines! I could have been so proud of him!"

Every one conversant with the disability knows it to be largely a nervous affection. Why intensify it by a display of solicitude and impatience? If convinced that it is incurable, be as sorry for the victim as you would be were he deaf and dumb.

I have often speculated as to the cause of the cruel intolerance showed by all classes and ages toward the stammerer. If the defect be but a slight "catch" upon certain consonants—a trifling difficulty in articulating a word, now and then—it may be turned cleverly into a delightful mannerism, if the speaker be adroit. Witness the use Charles Lamb made of his stammer in bon mots that would never have been heard of but for the bewitching catch upon "p" or "d." Travers, a noted American wit, was told that he "stammered more after removing to New York than when he lived in Philadelphia."

"Of course!" rejoined the pet of society. "It's a b-b-b-b-igger p-p-place!"

Our everyday obscure stutterer is laughed at, not with. His pititful struggles after expression are hawked about as absurdities and abortions—the more abject, the funnier in the telling.

The blind man meets a helper at every crossing, and a word of gentlest sympathy. The nearsighted, whose astigmatism both oculist and optician have not successfully relieved, recovers himself after stumbling over a footstool to be greeted either by laughter or sharp reprimand. The man hobbling upon two crutches may be an ungainly figure; his lameness has dignity in the public eye. The lad who would jeer at him would be cuffed by any right-minded passer-by.

But the fellow who has one leg shorter by a half inch than the other is hailed with impunity as "Step-and-go-fetch-it!"

Leaving the lower plane of the physical, suffer a plea for the fool, who could never be anything else, and who is one of a thousand denials of the immortal lie that "all men are born free and equal." I am not talking of idiots, but of human beings of less than mediocre intelligence, who could never, under the most favorable conditions of culture and environment, have been anything better.

A boy described such an unfortunate to me the other day so aptly that I borrow the phrase. "He means all right, you know, but he's just a plain fool, for want of sense."

The preacher tells us that "fools make a mock at sin." "Some incidents that have heated my indignation to wrath tempt me to twist the proverb into, ", "Sinners make a mock of fools."

Pollock reminds us that the yokel who "thought the moon no bigger than his father's shield died and went to heaven."

We, who assume to practise the grace of Christian charity, do well to keep the truth in mind.

I own that I am bringing an unattractive clientele to the compassionate notice of readers. I am afraid the graceless youth I quoted just now would call them "a job lot." So might the Galilean gamin have characterized the halt, maimed and blind who moved the Master with compassion. The blind beggar is picturesque. The spectacled visitor who, in turning to leave the room, walks into the screen door and skins his nose gets no solace from grinning beholders. We talk sentimentally of the man who dwells in eternal silence, although living in a world full of music. We lose our tempers when a brother misses the point of our good story because he hears imperfectly, and introduces an anticlimax at the psychological moment by asking us to repeat what other people are applauding.

But most heartless of all our lapses in brotherly charity is the contempt of the intelligent and ready witted for the sluggish intellect and the dull perception that is hardly a degree above the instinct of the beasts that perish. The flippant witling who invented the phrase, "I love a knave! I hate a fool!" never thought of setting the pace for decent Christian folk. He came so near it that we may well ponder gravely upon the paradox of faith and practice illustrated daily. We may not dignify the dull ear, the purblind eye, the halting step and halting intellect by the name of "afflictions." The Father who laid the cross upon the bearer knows how it weighs upon the soul. Does any one of us suppose that the fool likes to be a fool?

Dr. Holmes' tenet that "God never made a man crooked and then damned him for not sitting straight," may well be pondered in the heart of the strictly orthodox.—Marian Harland in The Continent.

For The Children.

PRUE'S LESSONS.

Mrs. Wetherbee looked out at the fast falling snow and sighed. "No school today," she said. "Poor Prue!"

Up stairs Prue was dressed, standing at the window. There were many puckers and wrinkles in her face.

"I must go! The snow isn't so very deep. I will coax and coax until mother has to let me."

But she must say her prayers before she went down.

Once at Sabbath school Prue had heard an old gentleman pray, and one thing that he asked for had pleased her so much that she had put it in her own prayers every morning since. It was this:

"Oh, God, bless to-day and make it a good day for us all."

She said it now as usual.

When she was ready to rush down stairs to her mother a sudden thought stopped her with her hand on the knob of the door.

"I know mother won't let me go; it's dreadful weather. And it will be horrid times here all day."

Prue was remembering the words of her prayer.

"I suppose of course, snowy days can be good and can be blessed as much as others. But I do so hate to stay at home from school and miss my lessons and get behind. But then, when you ask God to make the day good, maybe you ought to let him."

She opened the door and went to her breakfast.

"I am sorry about the stormy coming, Prue dear," said her mother. "You and I must keep house together to-day and send our men folks out into the snow."

"Yes'm," said Prue meekly. She was afraid to trust herself to many words lest they should "be the wrong ones."

Mrs. Wetherbee looked at her as if she felt surprised; then she smiled and patted her on the head.

After breakfast Prue got out her books and said her lessons to herself. Then she went to the kitchen. There Nora let her cut out a quantity of very small cakes with a thimble, all ready to be divided at lunch to-morrow with the other girls. This was great fun; so were the stories that Nora told her about her home in the "auld counthrie." It was dinner time before Prue knew it.

In the afternoon her mother gave her a piece of red silk which she made into a magnificent evening cloak for her doll. After that was done she read for a while and played jackstraws for a while against a make-believe opponent who was really herself. But for all her efforts time went heavily toward the end. More than once she was on the point of going to her mother for comfort.

"For I feel like being cross; just as cross as I can! I'd like to tell somebody how miserable and long and tiresome this afternoon is, and how I wish I had someone to play with, and how stupid these old games and things are! I believe I will too."

But every time she thought better of it. "No. If you ask God to bless the day you ought not to go and unbless it your own self without any excuse but meanness."

Prue was almost asleep at last when she heard her mother calling her. She ran to the window where Mrs. Wetherbee was standing.

The snow had stopped and there was a glowing yellow hand all around the sky.

"Clear weather to-morrow, little girl," said her mother.

Prue jumped up and down and clapped her hands.

"Now, I can go to school to-morrow! Can't I?"

"Oh, yes; I think so. But you have been to school to-day."

Prue's eyes opened very wide. "How have I?" she asked.

Mrs. Wetherbee put her arm around Prue and drew her close up beside her.

"God keeps school for all his children, big and little, every day," she said, softly. "Many of the lessons that he gives us are not book lessons at all; and often they are the best for us to know. I think that my Prue has tried to learn some to-day."

Prue turned her face so that she could see the orange light in the sky.

"Is patience one?" she asked—Advocate and Guardian.

MRS. FORD'S TO-MORROW.

"Thank you very much, children!" said Mrs. Ford, taking a number of small parcels from the little wagon. "You have saved me a great deal of trouble and tomorrow I'll give you ten cents. Good-bye!"

"Ten cents!" Ralph and Jessie whispered it over and over until they were out of the old lady's hearing. A penny was what they usually got for doing an errand if they were given anything. They never asked for money and freely helped all the neighbors with the shining new wagon, but often people gave them pennies for their work.

"Mamma! Mamma! What do you think? Mrs. Ford is going to give us ten cents to-morrow for bringing her parcels home from the store!" cried Ralph, when he reached home, quite out of breath, with his sister. "Isn't that lovely? We will have enough to buy grandpa that beautiful big silk handkerchieg for his birthday when we get the ten cents."

"Yes, it will be very nice," said Mrs. Smith. "Mrs. Ford pays well for errands, I think."

Next morning Mrs. Ford called Ralph and Jessie and asked them to do another errand. It took hard work to get the errand done before school time, but they hurried along and had the things at Mrs. Ford's door before the first bell rang. "Thank you very much, children," she said. "To-morrow I will give up ten cents for your trouble."

But every day Mrs. Ford forgot to pay them. She was a very old lady and easily forgot things. At first the children felt very badly, but at last they laughed over the promise. They still did her errands and every time she promised them ten cents next day. Of course, they did not laugh where she would hear, for that would have been very naughty, but when they were at home they often wondered when Mrs. Ford's to-morrow would come.

But one day Mrs. Ford fell ill and her daughter came to take her home to live with her. "I'm sorry to leave all my nice neighbors," said Mrs. Ford, with tears in her eyes. "I'll miss them all very much, but, more than all, I'll miss my little errand children. They have been so faithful. To-morrow, children, I will give you ten cents. Don't forget it."

When Ralph and Jessie slipped quietly out of the room Mrs. Aimes followed them. "Mother forgets so easily," she said, softly, "and I'm afraid she never paid you for your errands, did she?"

The children didn't like to tell, but the lady would have an answer. "I thought so," she said, when they told her. "I am so sorry." Then she took out her purse and gave each child some shining coins. "They are for you to spend as you please," she said. "You dear, little children! Many boys and girls would have given up the work when there was no pay for it, but you kept right on. You have saved my dear mother many a walk through the rain and snow."

When the children ran home to tell the goods news and to show the money, Mrs. Smith only said: "Well, Mrs. Ford's tomorrow came at last, children. I'm glad my boy and my girl were kind enough to do the work when they thought they would never get anything for it, and I'm glad their kindness is rewarded. One of these days we will go down town and you may spend the money just as she said."

"But not all for ourselves!" cried the children. "Mrs. Aimes said it was all for us, and we won't spend it all for ourselves."

"She said it is for you to spend it for anybody you like, but part of it must go for yourselves, because you have been so unselfish and so faithful."—Hilda Richmond.

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

The Scottish Rite Auditorium addresses on "Our Changed Conception of God," "The Changed View of the Bible," and "Christ from the Modern Point of View," have been printed in pamphlet form.

They may be had as follows: One copy, five cents; six for 25 cents; fifteen for 50 cents; thirty-five for $1.00.

We dig and toil, we worry and fret; and all the while close over us bends the infinte wonder and beauty of Nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Feel my smile, and be glad!"—George S. Merriam.

Whatsoever is was made for something.

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